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Northern Messenger

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'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

Lovest Thou Me?—Feed My Lambs.

'Why that's the lesson we had weeks ago!' I hear some of the children saying as they look at this picture. Yes, it is a picture of that morning on the seashore, that morning when Jesus' friends saw someone standing in the cold grey light waiting for them. They were perplexed and sad that morning, as well as cold and tired and hungry, and when the man called to them to fish on the other side of their boat they did it mechanically, too tired even to argue about it or tell him it was no use.

Suddenly everything was changed. The net was heavy in their hands, the blood rushed

to their cheeks, and the thought that this could be no one but Jesus flashed through their minds.

The dull, cold dawn was past, the grey water flashed with the shining scales of the fish, the sun had come up, and there so near they could dash through the water to him was the Master they longed for.

Overboard they went, and soon they were round him, hearing his words of love, warmed by the fire and fed by the fish and bread he had prepared for them. What a morning to remember! How they told of it over and over in the days that came after.

Comforted, warmed, fed, and best of all, more than all, loved, what could they do for him? How they longed to do something to show their love and gratitude. Not to repay him, that they knew was not possible, but just to do something to express their love, to make it visible.

Then, that his gift to them might be perfect, he added just what they longed for, and told them just what he would like to have them do. 'You love me?' he said, 'Then feed my sheep, and my lambs feed them.' He said it too, to Peter, who had denied him, so all who came after might know that no matter how weak and sinful they were they could still love him and show their love.

What did he mean? Who are his lambs and his sheep? Think! Hungry and sick, naked and in prison, or poor. The least of these, he said, comforted or visited or fed, healed or clothed or lifted up by the glad news of his love. These are his lambs, these his sheep, and what we do for them he counts as done for him. Not only close by in our own land are his own calling for help, but all over the world, from stormy Labrador to the islands of the tropics. Are we seizing our chance to show our love to him? Do we really love him? We resent the question, and like Peter, we answer, 'Lord, thou knowest we love thee.' Let us hurry then to show our love.

And He Was Glad.

'Why are you content?' an officer asked an Omaha chief. 'Pain and old age are not good things.' The aged chief was silent awhile, and then said:

'The bird that builds its nest on the tree near my wigwam in summer leaves it when winter is coming and travels thousands of miles to the southward; but in the spring it will come back across mountains and rivers to that same nest. How do such creatures know the way? They have no map, no guide. The Great Spirit puts something in their hearts to draw them back to their homes. And He has not forgotten to put something in each man's heart that draws him, draws him all his life long, up to his home. I am coming near to mine. Shall I not be glad?'—The 'Youth's Companion.'

'Your Own.'

(Mrs. L. G. McVean.)

What if your own were starving,
Fainting with famine pain,
  And yet you knew
  Where golden grew
Rich fruit and ripened grain:
  Would you hear their wail
  As a thrice-told tale,
And turn to your feast again?

What if your own were thirsting,
And never a drop could gain,
  And you could tell
  Where a sparkling well
Poured forth melodious rain:
  Would you turn aside
  While they gasped and died,
And leave them to their pain?

What if your own were darkened,
Without one cheering ray,
  And you alone
  Could show where shone
The pure sweet light of day:
  Would you leave them there,
  In their dark despair,
And sing on your sunlit way?

What if your own were wandering
Far in the trackless maze,
  And you could show
  Them where to go
Along your pleasant ways:
  Would your heart be light
  Till the pathway right
Was plain before their gaze?

What if your own were prisoned
Far in a hostile land,
  And the only key
  To set them free
Held in your safe command:
  Would you breathe free air
  While they stifled there,
And wait, and hold your hand?

Yet what else are we doing,
Dear ones by Christ made free,
  If we will not tell
  What we know so well
To those across the sea
  Who have never heard
  One tender word
Of the land of Calvary?

'They are not our own,' you answer.
'They are neither kith nor kin.'
  They are God's own;
  His love alone
Can save them from their sin.
  They are Christ's own;
  He left His throne
And died their souls to win.

—Selected.

A Solitary Way.

The following poem has an unusual history. A gentleman from New York was sojourning in June, 1885, at a Christian home for tourists, in Edinburgh, Scotland, known as 'Darling's Regent's Hotel.' A copy of this poem was presented to him by its proprietor, and during many lonely hours—which occur even in the most pleasant of foreign journeys—it was often read, and always with great comfort. On the traveller's return, he had a few copies of it printed for free distribution. The demand became so large that a recent edition of 60,000 has been issued.

There is a mystery in human hearts,
And though we be encircled by a host
Of those who love us well, and are beloved,
To every one of us, from time to time,
There comes a sense of utter loneliness.
Our dearest friend is 'stranger' to our joy,
And cannot realize our bitterness.

'There is not one who really understands,
Not one to enter into all we feel;'
Such is the cry of each of us in turn.
We wander in a 'solitary way,'
No matter what or where our lot may be;
Each heart mysterious even to itself,
Must live its inner life in solitude.

And would you know the reason why this is?
It is because the Lord desires our love.
In every heart He wishes to be first.
He therefore keeps the secret-key Himself,
To open all its chambers and to bless
With perfect sympathy and holy peace
Each solitary soul which comes to Him.
So when we feel this loneliness, it is
The voice of Jesus saying, 'Come to Me;'
And every time we are 'not understood,'
It is a call to us to come again;
For Christ alone can satisfy the soul,
And those who walk with Him from day to day
Can never have 'a solitary way.'

And when beneath some heavy cross you faint,
And say, 'I cannot bear this load alone,'
You say the truth. Christ made it purposely
So heavy that you must return to Him.
The bitter grief which 'no one understands'
Conveys a secret message 'rom the King,
Entreating you to come to Him again.
The Man of Sorrows understands it well,
In all points tempted He can feel with you.
You cannot come too often, or too near.
The Son of God is infinite in grace,
His presence satisfies the longing soul,
And those who walk with Him from day to day,
Can never have 'a solitary way.'

Religious News.

The president of the government college at Fuchau, Ling Hie Ding, is also the president of the Anti-Opium League, and is proving a most energetic and efficient leader in the crusade against this vice. In this government school are students from every part of the province, and hostility to the opium traffic forms part of the teaching and instruction which they receive in this institution. They become thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of their leader in their desire to see the country freed from this vile traffic, and consequently when they return to their homes to spend their vacations they make it their chief business and occupation to help uproot and destroy this evil. In many places throughout the province they have organized anti-opium societies and have been the leaders in raiding the opium dens. Last month when a company of these students returned to their home near Singiu, in the Hinghua Prefecture, and found that the people in that neighborhood had planted their fields as usual with poppies, they fearlessly went out and destroyed every plant. The people not having a clear conscience that they were doing right in planting this crop, and realizing what a strong sentiment was growing up against it, meekly submitted without making the least resistance.

In Korea, every fifth day is market day. On that day every farmer, merchant, mechanic—every one is accustomed to come and bring what he has to sell. A man generally makes more money on market day than on the other four days doubled. Of course, every few weeks market day comes on Sabbath. The Korean Christians have to endure the sneers and jeers of their ungodly neighbors when they keep the ordinary Sabbath day, but when Sunday is market day, they suffer considerable financial loss, by staying away from the market. Yet we are told that on a recent Sabbath market day in Chunju, more than 1,000 men and boys were counted in Sabbath-school. This is heroic faith, and is worthy of the highest commendation. Would that the home Church kept the Sabbath as bravely.—'Christian Observer.'

A recent letter from Rev. Eugene Bell tells of a Bible Study Class of 300 men which was held for two weeks at Kwanju. Twenty-five of these men walked over fifty miles to attend this study class, and all the members of the class paid all their own expenses. In closing this letter, Mr. Bell remarks, 'As is well known, the bulk of mission work in Korea is done and paid for by the natives themselves. Of five native helpers in my field, two are supported by the mission and three by the native Church.' The new Korean Presbytery began its career by appointing and sending, on native support, an evangelist to the island of Quelhart.

Work in Labrador.

A KOMATIK TRIP AND SOME VISITS.

St. Anthony, April, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

The weather this winter has been absolutely perfect for our sledge journeys. The large bays have been frozen solid all spring and we have been able to make record times with the dogs. Dr. Stuart being left in charge of hospital which was still quite full, and no immediate operative work being in sight, we got away for a fourth round of visits in early March. The value of our records of times are somewhat spoilt by the continuous interruptions when passing houses and the necessity of 'just looking in.' This often involves one hour before one can get along again, as it generally means unpacking the drugs, and also clearing out the dog traces, those affectionate beasts prancing around you when you come to and fro to the komatiks, forgetful of the fact that they are tying their traces in a Chinese puzzle. Our traces vary from five to ten fathoms in length and each dog has a separate one, so there is plenty of scope for tangling. The length is given designedly so that plenty of tangle can be left before it is necessary to stop and hammer the ice out of the knots, with one's hand half frozen, or wholly so. Perhaps our best record was nineteen miles, all over sea ice of the open bay, in two hours. The ice had just enough snow on to give the dogs footing, and not enough to prevent the whalebone runners gliding over the hard surface. The wind was fair and, of course, a straight compass course. As we steered out north-east between the islands the horizon was level ice, like the grass is on the prairies, or the sea in summer. The dogs had only done a moderate trip the previous day, and had had fresh seal meat for supper. They maintained a gallop almost the whole day, only breaking into a trot now and again, when we got off to run enough to keep our toes from freezing. Slowly and surely the high cliffs rose up as we drew nearer and nearer to the opposite coast. The clear March sun shone full down out of a blue sky on their glorious white apparel of spotless snow and glittering icicles. It was an experience for the gods. We could but feel sorry for those who live in the big cities and get all their pleasure out of artificial circumstances, and no doubt pitied us for living 'so far away.'

Our first night had been spent some thirty miles from home. Our host, a Dorsetshire laborer once, has one of those large hospitable kitchens, one of the charms of this coast in winter. Of the neighbors, only one was missing that evening, and he lived actually next door. An excuse was made for him that it was 'his fashion.' 'He were so shocking homely.' It was full moonlight, and the ice on the great bay, on the shore of which our host's house stood, was so tempting. I left for a flying visit on skates to a neighboring settlement, gliding along in the absolute silence and isolation. It was a nerve tonic that even a palatial sanatorium cannot supply.

A lesson one learns in those homes, at any rate where actual want is absolute, is that happiness is independent of abundance, and a second is that food is intended to enable us to do work, not an end to live for. One man to whom I ventured to suggest he could afford a more varied diet, merely looked down at his muscular limbs and said, 'I 'lows, doctor, only half the food I uses now does me any good.' A rudely kept tally of 440 ducks that had fallen to the guns of the family during the fall meant simply to him so much more for all hands who came along.

The simplicity of the life leaves a capacity for enjoyment which superfluity of goods seems out of revenge to inevitably rob the self-indulgent of. A boy of six to whom I gave a sprig of raisins from our wallet went first dancing around his granddad, shouting, 'Dadden, I'se got a balsam.' Here are the people not demented with the mania of owning things.

One section of the coast we were travelling has been entirely isolated from all educational opportunities. When I asked if any one could read, it was strange to a Bostonian to hear, 'The Frenchman in the next cove can, fine, he be quite a scholar,' and when in another house I wanted to borrow a pen to see an up-to-date stylograph brought from a cupboard upstairs where it was secreted for fear of being frozen, and hear, 'I keeps him already for fear anyone might come along as can write.' A simple life, however, by no means deprives our people of a sense of humor and laughter, and jokes are cracked over the fire at night as well as anywhere else. One man described his abundant offspring rolling about on the floor, 'As a fine strike for a sealing steamer,' and a morning when there was a hard crust on the snow likely to make his dogs' feet tender, 'a fine evening for 'lopping' (like rabbits) this will be.' But a real joke was almost played on us at our annual sports. The people gathered from all parts of the country to compete for the prizes. Meanwhile, an old patient from seventy miles away came over and secured as his prize one of our invaluable girls, who had tended him when in hospital a year ago. It was only when we reached his village that we were told that elopement was frustrated solely by the loyalty to us of the one man with a team of dogs able to carry off the prize.

W. T. GRENFELL.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—G. K. N. Budd, Merna, Ieb., $5.00; Young People of Pine Grove and Humber Summit Congregational churches, Woodbridge, Ont., $3.10; Total	$ 8.10
Received for the cots:—'A Lover of the Lord,' Forestville, Ont	$ 2.00
Previously acknowledged for all purposes	$ 1,756.08
Total received up to June 16	$ 1,766.18
Forwarded for maintenance of the launch 'Northern Messenger' for the past season	$ 300.00
Total on hand June 16	$ 1,466.18

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

Miss Roddick, 80 Union Ave., Montreal, wishes to thank all those who have helped with contributions of clothes, etc., for the Labrador work, and requests that no more such contributions be sent her during the summer, as the first shipment has already gone forward. Due notice will be given to allow of packing and forwarding for the fall shipment.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1908.

Saul Chosen King.

I. Sam. x., 17-27. Memory verse 24. Read I. Sam. ix.-xi.

Golden Text.

He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. II. Sam. xxiii., 3.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 6.—I. Sam. ix., 1-14.
Tuesday, July 7.—I. Sam. ix., 15-27.
Wednesday, July 8.—I. Sam. x., 1-13.
Thursday, July 9.—I. Sam. x., 14-27.
Friday, July 10.—I. Sam. xi., 1-15.
Saturday, July 11.—I. Sam. xix., 18-24.
Sunday, July 12.—Gen. xlix., 8-12, 27.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Do any of you know how long it is since King Edward first became our king? He has been reigning seven years, but do you know he was not really crowned until a year after he was really king. You would all be too young to remember about that, but there was a great deal of rejoicing all over the Empire when King Edward was crowned. In our last Sunday's lesson you know we learnt about a king being asked for by the Israelites and how Samuel promised to think about it, since God said that they should have a king if they wanted one. In our lesson to-day we learn about who this new king was, how first of all Samuel anointed him to be king, then how he was proclaimed king before all the people, how some of them didn't want him to be their king, how he helped some people against their cruel enemies, and then how he was joyfully received by all the people as king, and this time they really had the service that made him king over all their country. That's a long story to tell, isn't it? His name was Saul, and now let us see what he was doing when Samuel first met him. Did you ever go to bring the cows home when they had wandered a long way away? A great many boys who love on farms often have to go and find the cows. Well, Saul was not hunting cows when Samuel met him, but he was looking for the asses that belonged to his father. They were lost, and Saul and one of the hired men of the farm were out looking for them, for Saul was a farmer's son you see. The asses had been lost for three days, and all that time Saul and the other young man had been looking for them, until at last they came to the town where Samuel was.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The study of Saul's life and character has always formed one of the most puzzling of Bible studies. In the lesson of to-day, covering the three chapters, ix., x., and xi., there are many splendid traits revealed, and he seems a man in every way fitted for the honor of the new position. First he appears obedient and thorough in his three days' search for the lost animals, thoughtful for his father (Chap. ix., 5), courteous to those under him (Chap. ix., 10), sensible of his true position (verse 21), ready to respond to good influences (Chap. x., 10), entirely free from boastfulness (verse 16), modest and reluctant to consider himself really so highly honored (verses 21-23), forbearing and self-controlled (verse 27), and yet energetic and resourceful when called upon (Chap. xi., 5-7). With the added advantage of splendid personal appearance it would have seemed that Saul was decidedly the man for the place. The lesson for to-day simply covers the story of his choice by God, his public selection by lot, his proof of his military fitness, his public proclamation as king by the people, and a study of the man he was to start with. It will be interesting as the lessons proceed to watch how in this case the opportunity spoilt the man. One evidence of the Bible's historicity is very pronounced in this story. It does not hint at developments or try to prejudice the reader against the man who is to fall in any way. This was Saul's character as so far developed when God appointed him king, and the record merely sets it down.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

A wise preacher has said that to make the best of things in the right way is to let things make the best of us. Samuel did this: he made the best of this crisis in national affairs in the right way, but nobly doing all he could to help carry out what must be, though he did not like it, and thereby bringing out the best that was in him, magnanimity, generosity, greatness of spirit that rises above all that is envious and revengeful and petty. It is one thing to submit to the inevitable because we must; it is quite another thing to submit graciously and let the inevitable make the best of us.

There is no good in arguing with the inevitable; the only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.—James Russell Lowell.

Common sense bows to the inevitable and makes use of it.—Wendell Phillips.

Do not pray for easy lives! Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work will be no miracle. But you will be a miracle. Every day you will wonder at yourself, at the richness of the life which has come into you by the grace of God—Phillips Brooks.

'Public office is a public trust.' The discharge of duty to one's fellowmen, the work of resisting violence and maintaining order and righting the wrongs of the oppressed, is higher and holier than the following of visions. The service of man is the best worship of God.—Henry van Dyke.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

The story of divine Providence in the call of Saul is interesting as showing the interweaving of many threads to produce one picture of life. Saul was guided to Samuel, and Samuel was guided to Saul, by means of several seemingly trivial incidents. In this story we have an illustration of how God guides men and controls affairs without interfering in any way with the free will and choice of men. He guides by the free will of men, and not by overbearing it. Stray asses led Saul to his kingdom. A shower, it is said, decided the fate of Europe at the Battle of Waterloo. F. W. Robertson says that the barking of a dog affected his whole life, changing his purpose from a military life to the ministry. A storm at sea destroying the Armada changed the course of history in England. Some one has said 'had Cleopatra's nose been shorter the whole face of the world would have been changed.'

Dr. Newman, one of the subtlest and acutest of preachers, 'after attempting three times to preach on Saul, is compelled to confess that Saul's character continues to be obscure to him, and he warns us that we must be exceedingly cautious while considering Saul's so obscure character.' And yet the story is a true mirror of human nature.

'Matthew Henry in two or three words makes clear to us all the obscurity of Saul's "other heart." "Saul," says the most sensible of commentators, "has no longer the heart of a husbandman, concerned only with corn and cattle; he has now the heart of a statesman, a general, a prince. When God calls to service he will make fit for it. If he advances to another station, he will give another heart; and will preserve that heart to those who sincerely desire to serve him." So he will. At the same time, in giving Saul another heart, the God of Israel gave Saul the greatest opportunity of his life to make himself a new heart. Had Saul's change of heart only held, had his conversion only become complete, Saul would have been one of the greatest of all the Old Testament characters.'—Alexander Whyte.

How to Treat Insults. A young man who had been badly insulted came to Father Graham hot with anger and bent on immediate revenge. 'Wait,' said Father Graham; 'an insult is like mud; it will brush off much better when it is dry.' The young man waited, and the very next day the insulting person came to beg his forgiveness.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 12.—Topic—Character and courtesy. I. Pet. iii., 8-12.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, July 6.—Who shall be greatest? Matt. xviii., 1.

Tuesday, July 7.—True greatness. Luke xxii., 24-27.

Wednesday, July 8.—A truly great man. Luke i., 15.

Thursday, July 9.—Greater than John. Luke vii., 28.

Friday, July 10.—Give honor to others. Phil. ii., 2, 3.

Saturday, July 11.—Christ's example. John xiii., 14-16.

Sunday, July 12.—Topic—Wanting to be greatest. Mark ix., 33-37.

Most in Your School Can Give.

Since the day when Christ used a little lad's 'five loaves and two small fishes' to feed the hungry multitude, he has been using children's gifts to bless the world.

The beautiful custom of the Hawaiian mothers in the early days of Christianity in the Sandwich Islands shows that no child is too young to be taught to give. Placing a bright coin in her baby's hand, she held it over the contribution box. If the tiny fingers held on to the shining piece, she gently shook it till it fell. No wonder the Hawaiian Christians became liberal and cheerful givers, raising large sums for the kingdom of God.—Selected.

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

N.B.—Ask For Our Special Year End Offer.

THAT FLAG

Already thousands of 'Messenger' readers will be eagerly discussing our offer made last week of a BONUS FLAG. Every one likes bonuses and when the bonus is a really good flag, it sets our patriotic pulses thrilling.

The flags we are going to GIVE AWAY are three feet long, eighteen inches wide, Canadian Ensigns of best double warp wool bunting, specially manufactured for us by one of the leading flag firms of Great Britain.

HOW TO GET IT.

In order to get one of these flags, what you need to do is just to SELL 100 COPIES of the July or August issues of the 'Canadian Pictorial.' You get all the premiums or commission you would get if there were no flag offered. The flag is distinctly extra, and it's worth a good bit of extra push.

Five people buying five copies (and many will buy thrice that to send away to friends), ten buying three copies each, ten two each, and twenty-five one each, and presto! the thing is done, your flag is won your profits secured, your friends delighted, and only 50 people as yet supplied, leaving all the rest for still further work.

Let us hear from you AT ONCE, for remember that the demand will be so great that we can't guarantee your supplies if you are tardy, though we do guarantee, of course, to return the money of any unfilled order.

July issue retails at 10 cents a copy.

August issue retails at 15 cents a copy.

Book your July supply NOW and get full details of our flag plan. You pay us retail price if you want premiums or we quote you wholesale rates if you want to work on cash commission.

Read every ad. about these tercentenary issues that appears in these papers week by week, for knowledge is power.

Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office.

Correspondence

McL., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I live on a ranch nine miles out of town. There is no school near to us, but we intend to get one soon. We have a pony named Queenie. We hitch her up to a carriage and go for drives. She is really a saddle pony. I think 'Fred the Snorter,' by H. Cannon, was a very good drawing. Last winter I had one or two lessons in skating, but did not learn sufficiently to go by myself. I like riding horseback fairly well if the pony is quiet, but I would sooner drive. We have a nice little church; the services are held every Sunday afternoon. I will close with a riddle: 'Tis round and sound and quite a pound and yet it does not weigh an ounce.

NELLIE STENSON.

S. S. W., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—I am not one of the 'little' 'Messenger' readers, but I think they would be interested to hear of what little Oscar Harper's dog did a few weeks ago, even if told by a grown-up reader. It was away in Vermilion, Alta., one night between one and two o'clock, Mrs. Harper heard a scratching at the house door, which soon changed to barking. Arousing her husband, he went out to investigate, and the dog still howling, led the way to the stable. He had somehow managed to open the door in his efforts to get help for the pony, which was on its back, and over which now, on his return, he made great lamentations. But when the horse was safely on his feet once more, the dog jumped around him apparently well pleased to see 'Pat' right side up. I am sure that Oscar and his brother Lyman will think still more of their dog than before.

'FOR BROWNIE.'

C., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—Our school has stopped for three weeks. I am just getting better of the mumps. Our Sunday School has lately started. We have a little kitten that will play all kinds of tricks. We call it Pansy. I was away all day yesterday playing with my little cousin Roy.

LILA WHITEHEAD.

S. Ont.

Dear Editor,—Some seven years ago I wrote a letter to your and everybody's fine little paper (the 'Messenger'), and was very glad to see it in at an early date. I am writing another and hope to see it also. The first time I wrote I was only a boy, but am now out for myself, and am doing fairly well. This is a fine country about here, the city has a population of about thirteen or fourteen thousand inhabitants, a great railroad centre, good manufacturing town, with some good views. I still love to read the correspondence page of your small readers, and it would be very nice to have the seniors sometimes write. We have been having a great deal of rain around here this spring, crops and trees are springing up very nicely and show all appearances of good times again after our hard winter. Hoping this is not too long, I remain a friend to all.

M. K. TREMAIN.

M., Man.

Dear Editor,—A friend of mine gives me the 'Northern Messenger,' and I like it very much. My father is a hardware merchant in the little town of M. He gave me a pair of skates and a 22 rifle for Christmas presents. I was thirteen years old on the eighth of this month.

PERCY ROSS CAMPBELL.

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen many letters from here, I thought I would write. I am in the eighth grade at school. There are over 700 scholars in our school. I think the answer to Sadie M. Coburn's riddle (May 29) is, 'I understand you understand to overthrow my undertakings.' I have one sister and three brothers. We always enjoy reading the letters on the Correspondence page. We all go to school and have lots of fun. My youngest brother, Ernest, is fond of reading, but as he cannot read very well yet, it takes him a long while to read a book. I like the stories in the 'Northern Messenger' very much.

MAMIE C. KEYES (age 13).

S. B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—It is raining to-day. I am staying at my sister's now. I came on Friday night intending to go home on Saturday, but as it rained I had to stay. My flowers are out and they are very pretty.

GRACE McLEOD.

[Answers must be sent with all riddles, Grace, or the riddles cannot be published. The last two of your riddles have been asked before.—Ed.]

McL., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I have often longed to become a member of your club, but have not found courage to write until now. I came from England with my mother, father, and sister last year. We set sail from Liverpool on March the 29th and arrived at Halifax on April 5th and found its appearance far from imposing. I have several relations in this district and many nice friends, both English and Canadian. It has not been very cold here this winter; the lowest point the thermometer reached was 16 below zero. My father has half a section of land and we hope to have a good crop of hay off it this summer and to break 50 or 60 acres. There is a big coulee going right through the farm. There is a church about a mile and a half from here, and I play the organ every Sunday afternoon.

BEATRICE STENSON.

OTHER LETTERS.

Mediam Robbins, and Julia May Bishop, H. C., Nfld., write together. Each is the eldest of the children in her own family. They had a dialogue together at a concert. Julia says, 'I was on the Labrador last summer and liked it very well. I am going again this summer with my father.' Your riddle has been asked before, Julia.

Verna F. Thomson, W., Ont., says, 'One of my sisters and I have seven goslings and two little pigs for our own. Verna asks, 'What is the difference between a man who has seen Niagara Falls and one who hasn't?'

Alice Richmond, N., Ont., sends two riddles, but they have been asked before. Make your letters as long as you like, Alice, so long as they are interesting.

Jeannette Brien, G., Que., sends an answer to a riddle that has since been printed.

Lila Kitson, M., Man., has quite a few pets. 'I have pigeons, three colts, two dogs, a pair of bantams and a cat. I have no sisters or brothers.'

OUR PICTURES.

1. Grandpa's Pump. J. E. D., B. H., Ont.
2. 'Lamp and Stand.' Wesley B. Matthews (age 12), S. G., N.B.
3. 'Lily.' Sybil McAskill (age 13), S. P., C.B.
4. 'A Contented Pair.' Lila Kitson (age 11), M., Man.
5. 'Our Hen House.' Jeannette Brien, G., Que.
6. 'A Plant.' A. Richmond, N., Ont.
7. 'An Indian Tent.' Donald Amon (age 8), W., Sask.
8. 'Have a cup of tea?' Lila Whitehead, C., P.E.I.
9. 'Camel.' L. Moore, B. M., Ont.
10. 'Our Union Jack.' G. Herbert McClenaghan, L., Alta.
11. 'May Flower.' Ida G. McLeod, H., N.S.
12. 'Taking a Bath.' Verna Thomson (age 12), W., Ont.

QUEBEC'S TERCENTENARY

Two Issues of the 'Canadian Pictorial' Will be Devoted to it.

AN ILLUSTRATED SOUVENIR OF EVENTS IN WHICH EVERY CANADIAN IS INTERESTED.

In July every road will lead to Quebec. By land and by water, from eastern Canada, from western Canada, from Great Britain, from the United States, from King Edward's domains beyond the seas, thousands will flock to the far-famed Gibraltar of the North American continent. Quebec—the Ancient Capital of Lower Canada—is always an interesting place to visit, but its natural advantages this month will only be incidental.

The great attraction will be the series of pageants arranged to celebrate the Tercentenary of the founding of Quebec by Samuel de Champlain—pageants which Mr. Frank Lascelles, who has had charge of all the great pageants of England for years, says, will eclipse in grandeur and realism anything yet attempted on either continent. The British Crown will be represented by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who will be attended by a brilliant suite and an escort of battleships emblematic of the might of Britain's sea-power. Our own Canadian forces will represent the Empire's land-power and French and United States vessels will ride at anchor side by side with the British men of war in the sheltered harbor of Quebec.

A feature of the celebration will be the opening of the Plains of Abraham as a national park, the Prince of Wales making the purchase on behalf of the subscribers to the fund, which was inaugurated by the Governor-General whose appeal was so heartily responded to in all parts of Canada.

Every Canadian will be interested in the celebration; every Canadian will want to see pictures of events that will be historic.

With this idea in view the publishers of the 'Canadian Pictorial' have made arrangements to devote two issues of this popular illustrated monthly to Quebec. The July number will contain historic pictures and scenes of the fortress city to-day; the August number will contain pictures of the actual celebration. Together the two numbers will form a souvenir of national importance. Full details appear in the advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

The high standard of excellence maintained by the 'Canadian Pictorial' since the very first issue is sufficient indication that now that the publishers announce a special number, it will be 'special' in every sense of the word.

BOYS AND GIRLS

How to Be Wise.

(E. E. Hewitt.)

Wise to be faithful,
  Wise to obey;
Wise to please Jesus,
  Day after day;
Wise to help others,
  In ways of love—
This is the wisdom
  That comes from above.
—Selected.

The Boy Who Holds On.

(H. Margaret Fairlie, in the 'Child's Companion.')

'Mr. Kipling, your boy has crawled out on the yardarm. If he lets go he'll drown,' said a ship's passenger to Rudyard Kipling's father, twenty-five years ago. But his father, who knew his son, was not alarmed. 'Yes, if he lets go, he'll drown,' he said, 'but he won't let go.'

Rudyard Kipling 'held on,' even when a boy, to the things that were hardest, and when other boys were deep in tales of pirates bold, he was holding to his Chaucer or his Shakespeare. He 'held on' long enough in India, when friends urged him back to greater things in London, to write Plain Tales from the Hills, and no boy but will agree that if these stirring stories were the result it was worth while holding on.

The battle is not to the strong nor the race to the swift, but, for the boy who has determination to 'hold on' when the climb is hardest, the ladder will soon be scaled, even if the top is hidden in the clouds.

The boy who is looking out for a 'soft spot,' and the one who was born under a 'lucky star,' are mostly the boys who sit, later on, at the foot of the ladder; while the boys who have found their way into history are those who have worked their way there.

Difficulties are to test the metal you are made of, and the result will only ring true if you know no such thing as fear, or the inclination to 'let go.'

His Sister's Work.

(By Harriet Prescott Spofford.)

A young girl and her little brother were walking in the wood. She might have known deep sorrows, judging from a certain pensive plaintiveness of her expression, but that was overshadowed by a natural joyousness that made her seem like the very spirit of youth. She held a long blossoming branch as if it were a magic wand. In her gown of green she seemed a part of the forest shadows; some birds darted low and fearlessly across her way; one of them even alighted on her shoulder as she stood still a moment. 'O sister, catch it, keep it!' whispered the boy.

'He trusted me,' said the sister as it flew away.

They came across a hoard of nuts a squirrel had not yet exhausted; the boy would have carried home double handfuls.

'They are not ours,' Said Sister Rose; and they went on their way.

It was later in the warm spring day that they were blowing bubbles in the little porch. How splendid those bubbles were! here the glint of the emerald of trees and grass in them, here the sapphire of the sky, here the ruby of the sunset, sometimes the child's own face like that of a pictured cherub. The bubbles soared away, and burst.

'Breaking like a dream,' the sister murmured to herself as she gazed after them. 'Lovely painted nothings. Impossible worlds.'

Long years afterward the boy remembered his sister Rose; he knew not why in that especial moment of all others, but as chance things will stay in memory with a perfume, a sound, as she looked up at the vanishing dreams, already herself as fragile as they.

But none of this of the long ago was in Donald's mind as he left the table with Mrs. Gaspard, with whose brother he had been dining. People seldom remembered anything but Mrs. Gaspard when beside her. It had been an exquisitely appointed dinner; the damask, the silver, the crystal, the flowers, the china like flowers made permanent, the art of the chef, had all been superlative; and in these swift hours he was under the spell of wealth and beauty and the fascination of a woman of the world.

She sank upon the deep lounge that fronted the glowing hearth, and it was a half-hour of surprise and charm that passed before he followed Asher down the long rooms to the library beyond.

'Well. It pleases you?' said Asher then. 'You think such life luxurious, and worth the having?'

He was somewhat surprised by the question. 'Yes,' he answered. 'What else could it do?'

'Such life is yours, with the turning of your hand,' said the other.

'Mine!'

'Yours. I can direct you to it in a sentence.'

'I hardly understand——'

'It is this way, then.' Asher paused. 'I wonder,' he resumed presently, glancing askance at Donald's face, 'if I am wise in confiding what—what may make or mar—well, here it is! I have certain knowledge, absolute knowledge, that a stock now selling at forty will in a week's time be advanced to par. A block—a large block to be sure—of that stock, bought to-morrow, will next week be a fortune. It only needs courage——'

'And capital,' said Donald.

'And surely you can find that. You among moneyed men, in the very heart of business!'

'Impossible,' said Donald.

'Nothing is impossible,' said Asher, with the smile like his sister's. 'Let us make a partnership. You will find the capital. I will find the opportunity—and the stock.'

Donald laughed; it was so absurdly beyond him. And yet it was like some pleasant book he might be reading.

'But you can find capital and opportunity too,' he said, 'without making any unselfish division of spoil.'

'No,' was the reply, 'I cannot.' Asher paused again a moment, his furtive glance becoming bold as it went about the room. 'Nothing here looks like trouble, does it?' he said; then, his eye coming back from tapestry and painting, ivory carving, and shining rows of books: 'Well, then, let me tell you—I know it is safe with you, even if nothing should come of it. There is nothing here that is not already mortgaged to its full value. It is true I have put away something, enough to keep away the traditional wolf, in the shape of an annuity for my sister. But there is nothing else. I must make a bold strike. I have—yes, I may as well say it—I have exhausted all other means—unless you come to my aid. I have thought you would,' he said with that beaming smile again before dropping his heavy eyelids. 'I am sure of the movement of the stock as that I sit here. I will show you the papers, the evidence. I know every step that has been taken, that is to be taken. If one—borrowed, the loan would be repaid in a week, no more, no less. And one would no longer be a poor man.'

For more than a moment Donald's pulses beat high. To be no longer a poor man, a salaried official! To possess a fortune that could be only the beginning, possibly, of one of the boundless ones! Alas, alas!'

'Impossible,' he murmured. 'I must be content with the day of small things.'

A dozen years ago the head of the firm of Wells, Burleigh, and Company found himself pleased with Donald, a young fellow coming to him from the country with good recommendation, and whose intelligence and industry he had proved. When a fortunate chance betrayed the fact that he had more than usual business tact and ability, Mr. Wells had rapidly promoted him till he was his trusted secretary and man of business. And as he showed, moreover, a gentle breeding, Mr. Wells had invited him to his house, and introduced him among his friends.

Without having his head turned in the least Donald congratulated himself on his success, although in the thought that his sister Rose had not lived to know of it, to share in it, there was always a keen drop of bitterness—the girl whose gentle beauty was like that of a pressed and faded rose in his remembrance, who had gone hand in hand with him in his boyhood, and whose memory hovered over him now as a blessed spirit might.

Her sweetness had surrounded his early life like a rosy cloud; they were in the woods, in the garden, together all the summer days and evenings; they read together in the winter when they came in from the snow; she played her simple tunes and sang to him; they said their prayers together at night; and he knew there was always another prayer, when she was alone, for him and for his future. Sometimes it seemed as if his success had been its answer. She had lived all her brief, lovely life in him; and now in her place was loneliness.

But Donald knew that, if ever the chance should come to him, it was in him to go forward, and that, if one's ambition is only to make money, it is wise to be in earnest. Perhaps he was stimulated in some degree by the men he met,—one introduction leading to another,—with their horses and their yachts, or their father's yachts. Through one of them he had met Asher, and he had been flattered by the attention of the dashing and rather brilliant man of society, and bewildered also by the evident favor of his sister, the stately and charming Mrs. Gaspard, whose dark beauty resembled Asher's carried to a higher point.

The girls, too, whom he met with Frances Wells made him feel the need of money; they were like a gay garden of flowers, yet none of them quite so gentle, or so fair and fine, as Frances Wells, the daughter of his chief, who had about her something of the cool freshness of spring itself and a childlike innocence that gave her a relation in his mind to his sister Rose. For a time Frances had seemed to him all that it is given a woman to be. And then Mrs. Gaspard had come into his horizon, a brilliant being, older than himself, but possessed still of beauty and a singular attraction.

'Content?' cried Asher now, starting to his feet. 'Content with the day of small things? To fall short of perfection? And in business perfection means old Dr. Johnson's "potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." If I were slave, I would be master. If I were secretary, I would be principal. I would be one of the big ones, one of the multimillionaires.'

'Millionaires,' said Donald, 'grow on rich soil from the beginning.'

'O, no, there are dozens of them that grew from the wild weed by the wayside. And you have all that they had. You only want your chance. And that I am giving you. It only needs daring——'

'And money for the start,' repeated Donald.

He looked down the vista of the long apartment, from the library to the drawing-room in its soft light, at the damask draperies throwing a flush on the marbles, at the glow of the low fire shining rosily on a painting of nymphs, the flicker making them alive, at the tall vases loaded with long-stemmed roses, and at the blooming woman in her purple velvet and her strings of pearls. And he thought this was one of the results of daring and capital that Asher spoke of, and that this woman in her grace and beauty was the flower of it all.

But the other side—for evidently there was another side, that of risk and loss. Asher and Mrs. Gaspard were experiencing it now. It made his heart throb to think of it, and the idea of being the one to give relief brought the blood to his face.

Yet the enjoyment of all that wealth could bring was not everything for which Donald would have liked the vast fortune. Whenever he had heard of some act of far-reaching beneficence, his heart had stirred in him to do as much or more; and one or two especial philanthropies had showed him their shining side ever since he had been a man.

One was a home he would create for women of refinement and education corresponding to

that of his sister Rose, women who had lost almost all but their memories and hopes,—a park with lawns and gardens and great trees and cottages where separate homes could be maintained, and whose inmates were not to be regarded as in the receipt of charity, but as his personal guests. 'The Place of Friendship' he called it in his thoughts; and it was dear to him, fancy though it was, for the sake of his sister Rose and her sacrifices. Another thing was a House of Refuge for old sailors; his father had been lost at sea. And there was to be a home for newsboys, the little fellows having appealed to him when he first came forlorn and homeless to the city.

He would have agents, also, to look up individual cases, people to whom some private help meant salvation. O, yes, if he had money, he would make good use of it!

But perhaps by the time he had any to speak of he would have become too sordid in the long pursuit of it to do anything of the kind. If he could but make it in one lucky stroke!

'I am not going to urge you any more,' said Asher. 'I myself have procured all that you see about you from my profits in the stock-market. Now I have lost it in the stock-market. But one is not wrecked twice on the same rock. And this thing of which I tell you is, as you see, absolutely sure, not a speculative gambling affair, just a fact. Go home and think it over, and come to me to-morrow with the money. And life will be another thing for both of us. For both of us!'

Donald walked to his rooms that night half dazed, the enchantment of the sense of wealth still following him. As he went through the soft air of the spring night, a clock struck twelve, its long toll ringing out clearly stroke by stroke. Suddenly he shivered as he heard it. So the funeral bell had sounded as it tolled the day he took his sister Rose to her last home. He went on presently, however, as if that were something outside his dream.

His vivid emotions had wearied him so that he slept soundly. But the spell was on him when he went to the bank next day.

It was a busy morning there. Mr. Wells had gone over to another city for a few days, and Donald found more than usual on his hands. All the forenoon there was a undercurrent of consciousness of them; but it was nearly noon before his own affairs could come to the top.

He was alone then, the others employed there having gone to their luncheon. He went to put his books into the safe, as he would be going out himself on their return. As he was standing there a moment, his glance fell on a package that had been placed in the safe by Mr. Wells. He knew just the sum of the securities it contained—a half-million dollars.

All at once something smote him like a nail through his temples. Here was his chance! 'Borrowed,' Asher had said. Not taken, Asher had said. Just borrowed. What if he did borrow half—no, the whole of those securities, and invested in Asher's stock? Next week, there was no doubt about it, two million dollars would be standing to his credit. A fortune for himself, a fortune for Asher. And these same securities would be back again in the safe before Mr. Wells could return from the West, and no one the wiser. The beads started on his forehead. After all, would it be so much as borrowing them? Would it be more than borrowing the use of them? He was a trifle faint with the thought of himself with a million dollars.

He saw himself a power in the world; he saw the Place of Friendship, the cottages in their embowering green, the happy mothers with their children; he saw the House of Refuge, too, and the old sailors with their chairs tilted against the wall, fighting over again their battles with sea and storm; he saw the Newsboys' Home, and the tired little fellows coming in to hot suppers and clean beds; he saw pale face after pale face of those in want, in shame, in all distresses, glowing after relief; he saw himself in a palace; he saw a woman moving there, its queen and his wife. But that thought seemed incongruous with the rest, like a false note in the chord.

All this swept through his thought in one moment, a moment of proud elation, in which he moved among men like one of the princes of men, the captains of industry, in which he had leisure, elegance, the patronage of art and science, in which he fulfilled the dreams of his life. What a new world, brilliant and rare, hung before him!

It was all possible too. It was all so easy! Those things would hardly have left his hands before they would be secure again in the dark recesses of the vault. To-morrow—to-morrow? No, to-day! He took up the package, and ran his thumb along the edges—gilt-edged, every one! And then he paused.

A belated clock out in the square struck twelve again. High over the noise and bustle of the streets the clang of the big bell rang out, strong, insistent, slow. What in the world possessed the bells that they must

'CONTENT?' CRIED ASHER, STARTING TO HIS FEET.

all go to striking, and all hold in their vibration the tolling echo of those funeral-bells of his early memory? That dour, dark, dreary day, that dreadful day, when his sister Rose was put away, seemed to sweep into the place with the peal, and hang there like a pall.

Remembrance came with it actual as the fact, of that fair, still face smiling in a sleep whose dream was heaven, and of his tears that had fallen upon it. And again he relived the passionate despair of the boy whose life seemed then to have gone out with hers,—with that of the young girl who would not betray the trust of a bird, and whose brother was about to betray the trust of his benefactor.

In an instant then, beside that still, dead face, which hung almost visibly before his eyes, the face that had charmed him so last night became like something leprous. He shivered as if a poisoning chill had seized him. The papers dropped from his hand, and scattered on the floor.

Presently Donald mechanically picked up the certificates, and replaced them. Then he went back to his desk, and wrote a brief note to Asher, regretting his inability to meet the other's wishes.

And, as he sat there idly, his head sank lower and lower, and a great sob burst up as if it tore his heart out with it. The brother of Rose Donald! Covering her with shame and sorrow even in the height of heaven, the boy she had loved no other than a felon, even though he went unwhipped of justice. Still blowing bubbles, lovely painted nothings, impossible worlds, as she had called them, breaking only into a fleck of foam, a tear. But no; this bubble had been lurid; it had broken in ashes.

An agony of humiliation shuddered through him. He would stay a poor man to the end of his days rather than live this hour over. Every night of his life for years he had kissed his sister Rose's picture fastened in his Bible; could he ever kiss it again? For, although he had escaped outright commission, the sense of shame remained; he had placed himself on the level of criminals; it had not been impossible that he should have taken his father's name into a convict's cell.

He shuddered again and again at the imminence of it; and, as the long thrills swept over him and through him, he hid his face on his desk in a terror of self-abasement.

And then all at once he heard a voice that had in it a silver undertone, and looked up, readjusting himself hastily, to see Frances Wells, who had come in unheard, standing there in a green gown, with a bunch of yellow daffodils in her belt. 'Good morning,' she said; and her voice made him think of a fresh, sweet morning breeze scattering night's noxious vapors. 'I have brought a note my father left for you. He is asking if you will be so kind as to come up and stay in the house with my mother and me in his absence. The burglary across the way has made us all a little nervous; and he hardly liked to leave us alone with the servants, though the servants are really very nice. Is it asking too much? I am afraid it is.'

'Too much?' he said. 'It would not be possible for your father to ask too much of me. And this will be—more pleasant than I have words to say.'

The clerks were returning. There was no time for more. Sometime, he felt as if in a flash of prescience, sometime, he would tell her all. Sometime he would let his chief know of his temptation. But at this moment there was room for no clear recognition of anything except that an angel of light had come into the place.—The 'C. E. World.'

The Eastroyds and the Murwoods

BY SARAH SELINA HAMER. IN THE 'ALLIANCE NEWS.'

Chapter III.—Continued. Two Catastrophes.

'Where's my husband? What's become of Bob? He's never been home all night,' she cried, addressing both indiscriminately.

'Not been home!' exclaimed the manager. 'Why, how is that I wonder, Mrs. Robson' for the newcomer was the wife of the man after whom he had just been inquiring. 'He is not here,' he added.

'Why, whatever's become on him? Oh, dear, dear!' cried his wife, in still more frightened tones. 'I couldn't come with him to t' stir, because my mother's ill, an' I had to go on an' stop wi' her all t' night; an' I took t' children, too, up to t' Lumb. An' when I come back a bit sin' I fun' out at Bob had niver been i' bed, nor i' t' house at all. Iverythin' were just as I'd left it. Oh, dear a me! Somethin's happened to him; it must ha'e done.'

The two men looked at one another in some consternation.

'I can't make it out,' wailed the woman, beginning to cry. 'It isn't as if he could ha'e had drink, for he towld me there was to be none. Besides, he hasn't touched a glass o' anythin' for above a fortni't, an' he towld me only yesterday as he meant to sign teetotal.'

Whilst she was speaking Ernest Eastroyd arrived. He only heard the last sentence.

'I am very sorry that Robson was overcome again yesterday,' he said; 'and we will hope it will be the last time. I suppose he is not fit to come to his work this morning, and you have come to make excuse for him.'

'It is worse than that,' said the manager gravely, and he drew Ernest aside, and explained matters.

'Men must be sent to seek for him at once,' said the latter, greatly concerned on hearing such ill news. 'Do you know which way Robson started for home?' he asked, turning to Earnshaw.

'T' top road,' said the man. 'He said, as he were as far up t' hill as t' house, it 'ould be his nearest way. He left at t' same time as I did, about hafe past eleven.'

The manager and the young master exchanged looks; the same idea had occurred to both. Bob Robson would, by the higher road, have to pass along the top of 'Grimshaw's Quarry.' What if, intoxicated as he was——? Still, it was fenced by a stone wall, from the footpath.

Like one dazed with her anxiety and grief, Mrs. Robson, accepting Ernest's invitation, followed him into Mr. Lord's office, when the manager and others had hurriedly left the precincts of the mill. As she took the chair which the young master drew up to the fire for her she again broke into speech, troubled, bewildered, questioning.

'Did I understand yo' to say, Mester Ernest, Sir, as my master' (a common name for 'husband' in the manufacturing districts of the North) 'got for'a'd (drunk) last night! Oh, sir, yo' surely didn't gi'e to t' men what yo'n gan up takin' yo'rsel'! An' I had sich hopes on him,' the poor woman wailed, rocking herself to and fro in her distress.

'You may be sure that I did nothing of the kind, Mrs. Robson,' said the young man, whose distress almost equalled hers. 'I could not, I hope, be so inconsistent. But as you know, I daresay, my brothers do not share my views, and having a mistaken idea that no festivity is complete without intoxicants, they invited a few of the head men up to the house—Robson amongst them—quite unknown to me. And they had all had too much, I regret to say, before I found it out. I was specially sorry about your husband, because I had great hopes myself that he was going to abstain altogether. Indeed, Mrs. Robson, you must not give way to fear. Probably he has fallen and hurt himself; and very likely this lapse and its consequences will be a lesson to him. Let us hope for the best.'

'But if he's been out all t' night e'n be starved to t' death,' cried the poor woman. Then, springing to her feet, she went on: 'I cannot stop here, Mester Ernest; I cannot, for sure. I mun go a seechin' him.'

'The roads are very wet, and the wind still blows, though it has abated a little; and I have given orders that one of the men is to bring word, without a minute's delay, as soon as ever it is found out what has happened. We shall soon know now. You had better stop here. Meantime I will send up to the house for a carriage to take you home; you are in no state to walk. Do sit down again, Mrs. Robson,' entreated Ernest, 'and I will send for your sister out of the mill to come to you.'

He knew that a certain Ann Hopkinson was Robson's sister-in-law. Leaving the two women together, after Ann's arrival, Ernest went into the private office to open the letters. Neither of his brothers had yet come. Probably they were sleeping off the effects of their debauch. This truly was a nice beginning of work after a holiday. And all owing to the drink!

But as far as himself was concerned this was only a passing thought. That poor woman in the other office, and what awaited her, was the trouble, for that something very serious had happened could not be doubted. Nor had he long to wait for confirmation of this. A few minutes afterwards, lifting his eyes from a letter he was reading, Ernest saw a man running across the mill yard towards the office. He hurried out to meet him.

'We'n found him, Mester Ernest,' said the messenger; 'but it's all o'er wi' Robson, poor chap! He were lyin' at t' bottom o' t' quarry, wi' most o' his bones broke, I should think.'

'I feared that,' said Ernest, white to the lips. 'Still there is a wall above it.'

'A piece on it has been blown down i' t' gale, seemingly,' said the man. 'There's ever such a long gap. An' i' t' dark Bob niver noticed it, I reckon; an' some o' t' chaps were sayin' as he'd had some drink, too.'

'Ah, therein lay the mischief,' thought Ernest, for it had not been a very dark night. The clouds had been too much broken for that. 'What have you done with the poor fellow?' he asked, in a chocked voice.

'We took a stretcher wi' us, as yo' towld us; an' t' others has set off home wi' him, except Earnshaw; he's gone on for Dr. Hasleham. T' manager sent him, though it's not a bit o' use.'

Just then the brougham Ernest had ordered was seen coming down the drive from the house, and sick at heart he turned and entered the office, where he had left the two women.

We will not further harrow the feelings of our readers, however, by a detailed account of the breaking of the sad news to Robson's wife. Suffice it to say that her distress was terrible to witness, and that it was some time before, prostrate with grief, she was able to be led to the carriage. Her sister went with her, of course, with orders to remain as long as she was required, with no loss as to wages. The man who had brought the tidings rode down also with the coachman on the box, carrying a message to the manager to see to everything for the poor widow.

'Practically, Edward and Tom are responsible for this,' said Ernest to himself, as with inexpressible sorrow of heart and bitterness of spirit he returned to the office. Only to think that the wedding festivities of himself and Kate should have such an ending!

The carriage was not very long away. Ernest saw it turn in at the gates on the hillside, and at the same moment there was a knock at the office door.

'Come in,' said Ernest, whereupon there entered Earnshaw.

'I rode up on t' carriage,' said the man. 'Mester Lord said as how I'd betther do so, an' come an' tell yo' as he thowt there was somethin' sariously wrong up at West Moor, because when I went to fetch t' doctor they towld me as he'd been sent for there in a great hurry, about an hour sin'. This is a bad job about Robson, isn't it?' added Earnshaw, after a pause.

'It's a very sad business indeed,' said Ernest, gravely. 'Run and bring back the carriage, Earnshaw,' he continued. 'I must drive up to West Moor, and see what is the matter there.' 'What new trouble looms ahead now?' he asked himself, as he stepped into it a few minutes afterwards.

It was quite a twenty minutes' drive from Eastroyden to West Moor House, for you had to descend the valley some distance, skirt Clapperton, and mount a steep hill to gain the moor.

On reaching his destination Ernest saw two conveyances standing before the gate, the doctor's gig, and his own phaeton. Kate had already come then, it seemed. She had said she should go and see how Maurice was during the morning.

'Missis has just come, sir, not five minutes since,' said the man, touching his hat as Ernest sprang out of the brougham. 'Bad job, this, sir; very sorry, sir,' he added.

'What's a bad job, Hartley?' asked Ernest, almost irritably.

'About Master Maurice, sir. I thought perhaps they'd sent you word. One o' t' servants has been out a bit since, t' doctor's man says, and she do say he is dyin'. Do all they can, they can't bring him round. Such a fine little gentleman as he was, sir.'

Hartley was an old family servant of the Eastroyds, though he had only just become Ernest's coachman. Ernest hurried up to the door, opened it himself, and entered the hall. It was large, oak-panelled, and luxuriously furnished. Coming down the softly-carpeted stairs, with bowed head and slow step, he saw Dr. Hasleham. At the bottom of the staircase the two men met, and clasped hands. Ernest was startled when he looked into his friend's face.

'Arthur, whatever is it? Is Maurice——?'

Dr. Hasleham put his arm within Ernest's, and drew him into the library. Just as he shut the door sounds of distress penetrated to their ears, sounds as of someone wildly weeping and exclaiming.

'Yes, Maurice is dead,' said the former. 'It was impossible to save him,' and the young doctor spoke as if grieved to the heart.

'You had no idea last night that he was so ill,' said Ernest, puzzled by Arthur's manner and appearance; 'and his death has come as a shock to you? Poor Ellen! And how does she bear it?' he added.

'Poor Ellen, indeed!' said the doctor, both sorrowfully and bitterly. 'Ernest,' he went on, flinging himself into a chair, and half burying his face in his hands, 'I may as well tell you, for you will have to know. The poor child has not died of his disorder—he would doubtless have got over that—but by "misadventure," as the coroner's jury will bring it in. Such things have occurred, of course, where drink has had nothing whatever to do with it; but in this case there is no doubt whatever that your poor sister was under its influence when she——'

Here Arthur stopped, as if unwilling or unable to proceed.

'What did she do?' asked Ernest, hoarsely.

'Gave the child, instead of his medicine, some of the lotion her husband had for his leg two or three weeks ago, though it was labelled "poison."'

'Good God!' exclaimed Ernest. 'How terrible! It is enough to break her heart, and Matthew's too.'

'We can only hope and pray that this may prove a turning point for her,' said Arthur solemnly. 'For the moment, of course, she will be tempted to have recourse to stimulants to drown her anguish. But she must not be left a minute. When your wife goes home—she is with her now—Lucy must come. This is a sad coming home for you, Ernest, my friend,' he added, rising.

'And the accursed drink at the very root of it,' said the other, bitterly. 'And you don't know all yet, Arthur,' he added.

(To be continued.)

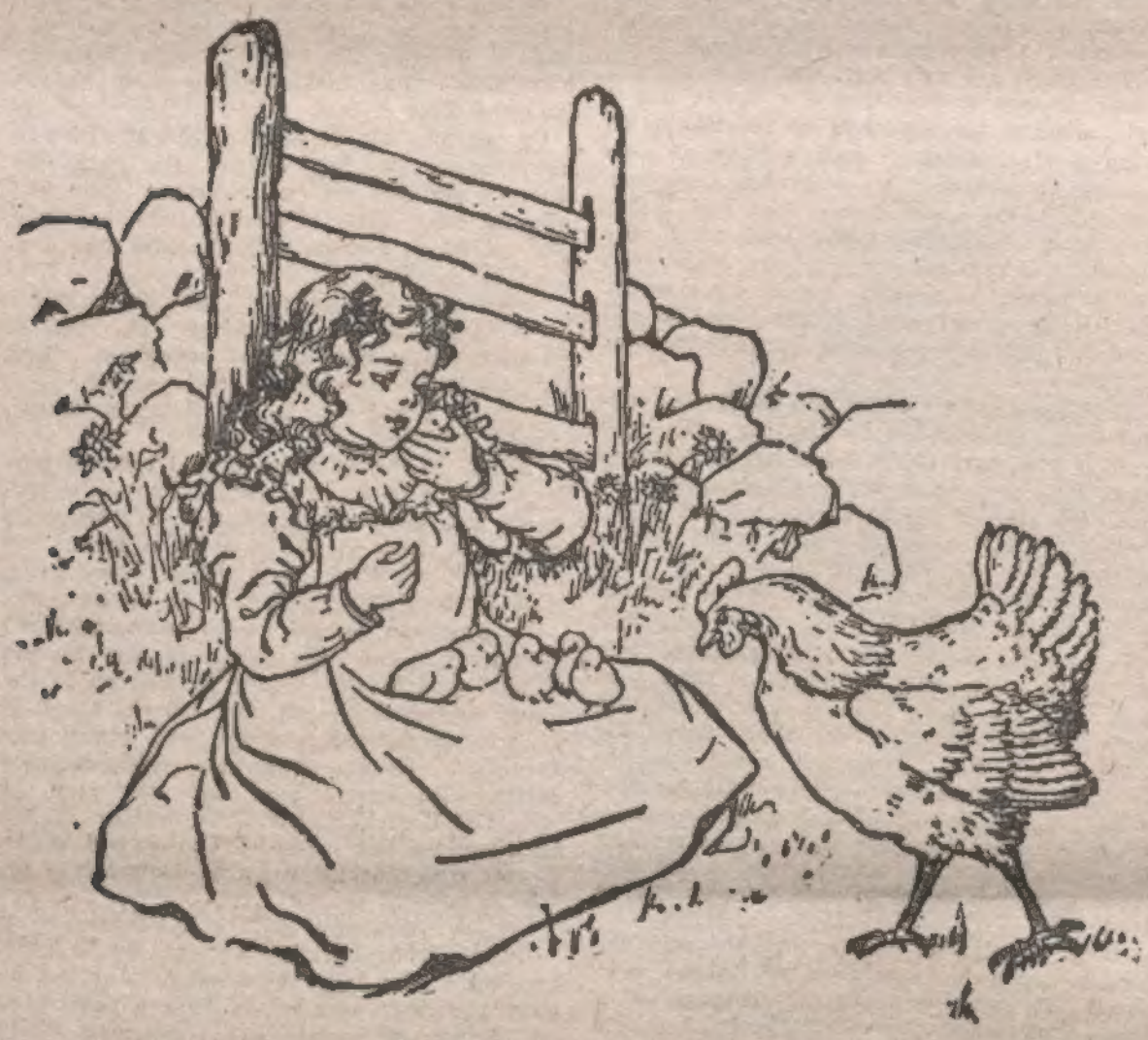
LITTLE FOLKS

The Dust Bath.

'Where's the frisk broom, mamma?' inquired Beth one morning. 'I've got dust all over me.'

Mamma looked up from her mending in some surprise, as her little girl was usually so neat and careful. And as the 'frisk broom' did its duty, Beth explained.

'You know my old white hen, Topknot? Well, I was out in the yard feeding her and her fourteen children, though they'd had one breakfast. I want 'em to make 'aste and get big.'



Mamma smiled as she bit off a thread, and said, 'Well?'

'After they had eaten up all the crumbs, what did that clean, white old hen do but lead her yellow babies right into the middle of a dust heap! And she didn't just stand in it, either; but such another fluttering and kicking you never saw; and, mamma, every blessed chick tried his best to do just like her!'

'Don't little girls try to do like their mothers, too?' said mamma, teasingly. Beth made no comment on this.

'I tried to 'shoo' them out, as I knew they'd be perfect sights, and maybe be sick, but they wouldn't 'shoo' a bit. 'Stead of that, they covered me with dust, too!' And she disgustedly flourished the whisk broom.

'Why, my dear,' said mamma, laughing, 'the dust doesn't hurt them at all; in fact, it is good for them, as it helps kill insects and keeps off disease. Birds take dust baths, too, and they never look dirty. They can easily shake the dust out again, as you will see if you go back to the chicken yard. Old Topknot and her yellow chicks will be scratching in the grass as clean and fresh looking as you are after a nice bath.'

But Beth shook her head as if to say that the ways of old hens and chickens were quite beyond her understanding.—K. R., in the 'Child's Hour.'

Maidie's Twin Neighbor.

(By Mrs. O. W. Scott, in the 'Central Presbyterian.')

'I never did! I never was! Take it back, Clementina Lull!'

Dr. Willets dropped his paper as he heard the angry voice, and went to the window.

There on the lawn below stood Maidie, his little granddaughter, her head thrust forward, her finger shaking wrathfully as she scolded a small comrade.

'Oh, you're such a hateful girl! Don't you speak to me ever again, and don't you dare to ever go 'cross our lawn again 's long as you live. I think you're—'

'Girls! Come here, Maidie, and bring your little friend with you,' called Dr. Willets.

Maidie looked up in affright. Her grandfather heard her? Oh, how dreadful! He had never spoken to her in that stern way since he came to spend the summer at Mosside. Her mother was out, and she dared not disobey, so she came very slowly through the hall and up the stairs, followed by Clementina Lull, her shoes patting timidly in the rear.

'What's the trouble, Maidie?' asked her grandfather, laying his hand upon her shoulder.

'She's been saying dreadful things to me,' Maidie sobbed; 'she's been selling—'

'Clementina, what did you say?'

Clementina's black eyes were fixed upon the floor, and she drew a long, deep breath as she answered:

'I said—I said that Maidie wanted us girls down to school to play exactly what she picks out every time, and do everything her way. If we don't she gets mad and won't play. I said 'twasn't fair, for she'd ought to let the rest choose some of the times. Then she began to scold me awful.'

'And that is true?'

Clementina nodded. 'It's the solemn truth, but I didn't mean to hurt her feelings;' and her small chest began to heave.

'Well, Maidie?'

Maidie's shoulder hitched away from her grandfather's kind hand. It is not pleasant to have a kind hand on one's shoulder when one's conscience begins to prick. She knew that she always wanted to lead. She had expected the girls in her class at school to follow. Yes, and she remembered now that she had stamped her foot and refused to play when another girl wanted to lead. She had done it more than once. How disagreeable to have these things come back so clearly just when she wanted to deny all that Clementina had said!

Her grandfather smiled a little, glad that she would not tell a falsehood, and then he said: 'Perhaps you can not help liking to be a leader Maidie, for God has given you that nature, but because of that you must learn to be very careful. If you do not lead kindly and lovingly, and give way to others, the girls will dislike you. They have as much right to choose the games as you. Don't you see? Aren't you sorry now that you were angry with this dear little friend when she told you the truth?'

'She isn't any of my folks. She's just a neighbor,' said Maidie, twitching the naughty shoulder again.

'Well, now, what does the Bible say about neighbors?'

There was a little silence, and then Maidie asked, 'Do you mean that Jericho man?'

'Well, yes, but don't you remember this, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor—"'

He waited, and Maidie whispered, 'As thyself.'

'Exactly. Now, how do you love yourself? How do you like to be treated?'

'I like to be treated nice, and Clementina said—'

'Wait a minute. If you had told her something that was true, even if it wasn't very nice would you like to be scolded for it?'

Maidie shook her head.

'No, that wasn't showing much love to your neighbor. Love makes us patient and generous, and we need lots of it. You have a whole world full of neighbors to love, you know.'

'Yes, sir,' Clementina interrupted eagerly. 'Miss Morse said the people 'way over in China and Japan was our neighbors. She said oceans was God's fences separating folks but we must love 'em just as if they lived next to our garden. She told us that in Sunday-school, didn't she, Maidie?'

Maidie was glad to change the subject. She winked away her tears as she answered. 'Yes, and that's why she has

us give missionary money, so we can show that we love our neighbors. And think of this, gran'pa! she says every one of us has twins in the heathen countries. I've got a twin in Africa and a twin in India, and I s'pose, twins in the islands of the sea.'

'That is good, very good,' said her grandfather, with a smile. 'And if you can love your twin neighbors across the sea can't you manage to love a little girl that lives next door?'

Maidie looked up half reproachfully. Gran'pa Willets was always getting her in a place where she had to own herself at fault. But while she was self-willed and quick-tempered, Maidie was honest, and she nodded again, while she sent a little glance toward Clementina Lull.

'Just so; why, of course, and perhaps she's a twin neighbor, too. Stand close, now;' and Dr. Willets put his hands upon the two heads, one with dark, wavy locks, the other with a golden crown.

'Sure enough! Almost exactly the same height. When is your birthday, my dear?'

'The 16th of June,' Clementina responded.

'And yours, Maidie, is—'

'June 17th.'

'Well, if you are not twin neighbors I never saw a pair. How you ought to love each other and work together for those neighbors across the sea!'

'I guess she'd love me more if I was her twin in Africa,' said Clementina.

'No, I wouldn't either. You know better, Clementina Lull.'

Then Maidie reached her hand back, and there was Clementina's ready to grasp it! Both little girls laughed and looked rather foolish as they turned toward each other, but Dr. Willets said cheerily:

'So it's all right, now, is it? And you won't forget the love-your-neighbor text again, will you?'

'No; no;' they promised to remember it always, and Maidie whispered her promise again close to her grandfather's ear as she kissed him.

After this treaty of peace the children went away together hand in hand. Dr. Willets picked up his paper, and as he searched for the place where he had been reading he said, 'What a world this would be if all the children would make the love-your-neighbor text their motto for life!'

Couldn't Quarrel—A Fable.

In the depths of a forest lived two foxes who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day in the politest fox language: 'Let's quarrel.'

'Very well,' said the other, 'as you please, dear friend; but how shall we set about it?'

'O, it cannot be difficult,' said fox number one. 'Two-legged people fall out; why should not we?'

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each would give way.

At last number one brought two stones: 'There,' said he, 'you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now, I'll begin. These stones are mine.'

'Very well,' answered the other gently; 'you are welcome to them.'

'But we shall never quarrel at this rate!' cried the other, jumping and licking his face.

'You old simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel any day?'—'Christian Advocate.'

Robin Redbreast.

(By Clara Throp, in 'Michigan Christian Advocate.')

Robin, have you come to stay?
The winter's been so long;
We have missed your happy way,
And your merry song.

Have you found a pretty place
To make your summer home?
Here's our maple you would grace;
Do not longer roam.

Bring your family; O come!
A welcome we will give.
In this sunshine you'll keep warm,
And your birdlings live.

Yes, we hear your glad, sweet song,
Gathering stick and stem;
Working, building, all day long,
To make a home for them.

Robin Redbreast, we are glad
Our neighbor you will be.
To our joy your song you'll add,
From our maple-tree.

A True Story About Quails.

One evening the children—Rovene and her little guest, Walter—were playing croquet, when all at once Rovene called out, 'O-o-h, l-o-o-k here!'

Walter ran, and then there were more 'O's,' and he said, 'Let's show mamma.'

Rovene tenderly lifted the object, and ran, screaming: 'Mamma, mamma, auntie, look! here's the tiniest little chicky you ever saw!'

'Why, it is a young quail! Where did you get it?'

Rovene told her on the croquet ground, and the ball almost ran over it, and talked so fast that Walter could not get in a word, so he just jumped up and down while she was telling it; but at last he managed to gasp, 'It's about as big as a number sixty spool of thread.'

Auntie coddled it to her face, saying: 'Poor little thing. Where can its mother be? It must be lost. What shall we do with it?'

'Keep it; keep it!'

So they got a little box, and made a cozy nest, and tried to feed it; but it only cried all the time. The children were so distressed at its piteous peeping, and did all they could to comfort it, but in vain. So auntie and mamma said: 'Let us take it out to the orchard, where the grass is tall, and maybe we can find the mother bird and the rest of the brood.'

So they went through the new orchard, climbed the high rail fence, then looked all about and listened. They could hear many young quails peeping in all directions, and as they walked a few steps farther there came another tiny quail running right to Rovene. She took it up, amid screams and shouts, and petted and loved it. While they could hear others, they could not find them, although they hunted a long time, and auntie said: 'Something has happened to the mother. Poor little things, they will starve.' And they went back to the house very sorrowful. After a while, Rovene said: 'O, let's take them over to show Eva. She's got a pet lamb; but we will have pet quails.'

Mamma and auntie said they might go; so they ran, talking and laughing gleefully. They had much to tell Eva, who was quite astonished.

After they had looked at the quails and told it over and over how they got them, Eva said: 'Let's take them out to Chum, and see what she will do.'

Chum was a bantam hen with a brood of six young chickens, snugly housed for the night. They set the little quails before her. She stretched her neck, and looked a moment, then deliberately reached out her bill and tucked each one under her, all the time clucking in a motherly way. How the children did scream with laughter!

The little birds at once ceased their crying, and seemed perfectly contented. So the children concluded to leave them with Chum; but they were to be Rovene's and Walter's when they were 'raised.'

Next morning Chum was as attentive to the little strangers as though they were her own, and after a while proudly conducted her family out to the fields; but when she came home that evening the little quails were missing.—'Pets and Animals.'

Mamma.

(By Mary Dowe Buzzell, in the 'Homestead.')

Mamma ain't a bit like me—
She don't git cross an' cry an' scold
When ev'rything's a-goin' wrong;
She says it's jus' because she's old.
She says 'at w'en I'm grown up b-i-g,
Why, I'll be nice and smiley, too,
An' never cry w'en things goes wrong—
I don't jus' b'lieve it, though, do you?

I jes' don't b'lieve it's cos she's old;
It's cos she's jes' so good all through.
If I was twice as old as her
I couldn't be so good, could you?

Be Sunbeams.

A dear little girl, only three years old, brought out her very nicest playthings to amuse a homesick cousin. Among the rest was a little trunk with bands of silk paper for straps, but careless little Freddie tipped the lid too far back and broke it off.

He burst out with a cry of fright, but little Mamie, with her own eyes full of tears, said: 'Never mind, Freddie; just see what a nice little cradle the top will make!'

Keep a happy, cheerful heart, children, and you will be like sunbeams wherever you go.—'Jewels.'

Temperance

What It Does.

A gentleman was singing the praises of wine, and declared he could not get through the day without it. 'Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?' asked Dr. Richardson. The man did so. 'Count it carefully. What does it say?' 'Seventy-four.'

The physician went and lay down on the sofa, and asked the gentleman to feel his pulse again.

'It has gone down to sixty-four,' he said in astonishment. 'What an extraordinary thing!'

'When you lie down at night,' said the doctor, 'that is the way Nature takes to give your heart rest. You may know nothing about it, but the organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon the rate, it involves a good deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by 60 and it is 600; multiply it by eight hours, there is a difference of 5,000 strokes; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of thirty thousand ounces of life during the night.

'When I lie down at night, without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when I take wine or grog I do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes. Instead of getting repose, the man who uses alcohol puts on something like fifteen thousand extra strokes, and he rises unfit for the next day's work.' He thus shortens his life each day by twenty thousand strokes.

A patient was arguing with his doctor on the necessity of his taking a stimulant; he urged that he was weak, and needed it. Said he, 'But, doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant; I'm cold, and it warms me.' 'Precisely,' came the doctor's crusty answer; 'see here; this stick is cold'—taking up a piece of wood from the box beside the hearth and tossing it into the fire—'now it is warm, but is the stick benefited?' The sick man watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke, and then burst into a flame, and replied, 'Of course not; it is burning.' 'And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol. You are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain.' —'British Congregationalist.'

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Two Homes.

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Did I call this house the second? No, it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum ebruted the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook his fist. Rum desolated the hearth. Rum changed the paradise into a hell.—T. De Witt Talmage.

True to Life.

A publican who had made considerable wealth got his portrait painted by an artist of fame. His many friends admired the picture, and declared that it was perfection. One day the wife of a too good customer was called in, by way of a favor, to see the painting. She said it was 'vera guid,' but considered that it lacked one thing to make it perfect.

'If his han',' she said, 'had been painted as if in our John's pocket, instead o' in his ain, it wad hae been much truer to life.'—Selected.

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..HOUSEHOLD..

A Spring Thought.

Spring brings joy to thousands of hearts, and to no one does it bring a fuller joy than to little children. They do not realize why they feel so happy, they hear a new note in the air; it is the note of resurrection, but the children think it is the coming of birds.

They know that the song sparrow and robin and bluebirds are once again with them, and that many more favorite songsters are on their way. The children are happy because of sweet music and delicious spring odors. They are happy because the days are longer, and that they can play out of doors until sunset. They feel as if they must sing always. They are happy because the crocus and the anemone, the arbutus and the daffodil may be found for the searching, for all nature is once more awake. To the trees also, and the shrubs, to the grass, yes, even to the smallest stream or the most ice-bound brook, as well as to wide rivers and great waterfalls has come resurrection.

Small wonder, therefore, that the blue sky overhead, and the sunshine all about, the cheer of the spring, in contrast to the chill of the winter should fill everyone with thanksgiving. Small wonder that each heart should want to shout Hosannah!—Emma Duff Gray.

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Mother.

The house is wrapped in slumber deep,
And only one is not asleep;
She sits below. 'Tis hard to sew
When weary; none can ever know
How hard it is but mother!

The lamplight flickers; tired out,
The toiler dreams of rest, no doubt;
But every little head abed
To-morrow, next day, must be fed—
This thought gives strength to mother!

At last the drowsy clock strikes one,
And that day's work is almost done!
Some basting-threads to take away—
The love sewed in will always stay;
The holiest thing on earth to-day—
The unselfish love of mother!

—Adelbert F. Caldwell, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.'

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